[fic] Keep the Mood

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Title: Keep the Mood.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, toys, teenage!(but still legal)Dean.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Dean.
Word Count: 1,274 words.
Summary: Lucifer time-travels to visit a younger Dean and show him the benefits of siding with Lucifer later in life.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was ageplay...so I hope it came out okay.

Lucifer thinks this may have been a bad time. The plan is good, he is confident of that, but the time...

Dean, this younger Dean, is a handful. Lucifer cannot keep a hold on him, not without showing more of his abilities than he wants to, and this Dean thinks it is a thrill to defy him, make him work to keep Dean where he wants him.

Lucifer thinks that humans this young should not have this many scars. Dean just laughs him off and tells him that he can drive, he can hunt, he can have a collection of cool scars.

"You are childish," Lucifer tells him.

"I'm nineteen, what do you expect? Why don't you just let me suck you off now, huh?"

Lucifer keeps a hand on Dean's wrists and stays where he is, straddling Dean's hips and with them naked from the waist up. It's enough skin to satisfy Lucifer's fingers, and not enough skin to satisfy Dean's want.

"No," Lucifer says, and tugs gently on one of Dean's nipples, marveling at how responsive Dean is, especially when he thinks of the Dean of the future he is used to, the Dean who isn't as sensitive as he used to be, how much more Lucifer has to work to make him lose complete control.

"Oh, come o- ah!" Dean gasps as Lucifer pinches the nipple between his fingers and twists it, and moans as Lucifer rubs between his index finger and thumb.

"Good, you like that," Lucifer says, then smirks. He has an idea, a way to keep this Dean in line before he tries to pin Lucifer to the bed again and go further than Lucifer wants to now.

It is the work of a moment to make the crocodile clips appear next to Dean on the bed, and before Dean can figure out what he is doing, Lucifer clips one onto Dean's left nipple.

He doesn't touch it for a moment, and watches how Dean's eyes widen and how he babbles under the mix of pain and pleasure, and Lucifer smiles.

"This is intriguing," Lucifer says as he watches Dean try to calm down. "When you are older this will not make you react in this way."

"D-do I hear disappointment?" Dean asks, breathlessly. "What is that?"

Lucifer holds up the second one. "A clip. A way to keep you in line so that you will not act before I want you to."

Dean doesn't have an answer for him, doesn't get a chance to figure one out, not before Lucifer secures it on Dean's other nipple and tugs on it gently.

Lucifer smiles to himself and tugs on the other one. "I think you will benefit from these," he says as Dean writhes under his hands. He lets go of Dean's wrists and takes a moment to trace Dean's face, to memorize features that will be hardened when Lucifer returns to the future.

He's still not sure if he wants Dean to remember this interlude before he lets him, or if he wants Dean to live with it, but - he can postpone the decision. He needs it to be a more memorable incident, one worth examining years later.

Lucifer lets himself smile again as he has a small silver chain appear in his hands, and draws the end of it through both of the clips, so that he can tug on both of them at once. It's barely a touch of power and the chain fuses together, so that Dean cannot draw it out of the clips.

"Don't touch them," Lucifer says when Dean's hands stray to the clips.

Dean makes a sound, helpless when Lucifer moves off of him. Dean's pants are tight, Lucifer can see that, and when Dean lowers his hands to open them, Lucifer stops them.

"Don't touch that either."

"Then what can I do?" Dean asks, flushed and panting. He *wants*, Lucifer can see it written all over his face, but he can't have anything, Lucifer thinks. Not yet.

"Get up," Lucifer says, and gestures to the mirror on Dean's door. It's long enough, and useful for what Lucifer has in mind. "Stand in front of that."

Dean swallows, and does. Lucifer watches him go, pants obviously tensed and silver glinting on his chest, and Lucifer smiles.

He follows after a minute of watching and stands just behind Dean, placing his hands on his shoulders. "Look at you."

Dean swallows. "Look at me."

Lucifer rubs his thumbs in small circles on Dean's shoulders and watches him shiver. Dean looks good, even when Lucifer isn't used to the differences, and an idea makes Lucifer pause.

"Yes," Lucifer repeats. "Look at you."

He touches the mirror, and the image flickers, changes so it shows Dean as he would be - will be - devoid of scars but with a tattoo and a handprint and clearly older than nineteen.

And, most importantly, still wearing the clips and chain.

Lucifer doesn't need to look to know that Dean is staring, and he places a hand on Dean's side.

"That is who you will become," Lucifer murmurs. "And who I will pursue."

He knows questions are racing through Dean's mind, but he has no intentions of answering them, not when now he is opening Dean's pants and giving the chain a sharp tug and listening to Dean moan and watching his expressions on both his older and younger selves.

Lucifer pushes all of Dean's clothing down and lets it pool around his feet, and pushes him forward, so Dean is pressed up against the mirror as Lucifer opens him up with suddenly-slick fingers.

Dean gets an up-close-and-personal view of himself as Lucifer mercilessly fingerfucks him, thrusts three fingers in and out of him, barely giving him time to adjust to the burn of stretched skin.

"Name," Dean manages, and Lucifer remembers this question from earlier in the night.

"No," Lucifer says again. "You don't get to learn my name until you're him."

Dean groans and curses him and shouts in turn as Lucifer withdraws his fingers and thrusts in with his cock, still barely giving him time to adjust before he is pounding into him, hard and fast and Lucifer is not gentle at all, he will not let Dean's younger age make him gentler.

"You're mine," Lucifer growls in Dean's ear, "Even if you don't know how or why yet."

Dean cries out helplessly as Lucifer pushes him against the mirror and as the clips are shoved against him and Lucifer's not surprised when Dean comes hard and fast - he remembers that younger humans haven't learned stamina yet, and Lucifer's all too amused to slide out of Dean and let him sink down slowly.

Lucifer grips and strokes himself, and takes Dean's chin in hand, forcing him to look him in the eyes.

"Mouth open," Lucifer says.

"Oh, no way," Dean says, and Lucifer laughs. He drags Dean up and kisses him, and guides his hand to his cock.

"This is the only concession I will give to you, Dean Winchester," he says, and kisses him deeply.

He can feel the inexperience of Dean's hand but it is no less pleasurable, and Lucifer comes with a cry and with a hand in Dean's hair.

"I've made up my mind now," Lucifer tells Dean, and touches his forehead. Dean will remember a dream, a vivid dream but only a dream, and nothing more.

And Lucifer is gone, back to a future where he can show *his* Dean that it wasn't a dream at all, and that he was always meant to be his.